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142 NORTH 48th (1/4 block North of "O" St.)

Peewee...

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promised to take care of the child if anything should happen to Mary Alice.

Peewee said the doctors gave Mary Alice "35 pints of blood" after 'little Jonathan' was born, but "the doctors just couldn't stop the bleeding." Mary Alice died.

'Little Jon' weighed 12 pounds, 13 ounces. Peewee said his son was "all muscle — so much that there wasn't room for his heart to pump."

The doctors said the boy was going to die. Peewee took his son home.

Peewee hated. He said he looked back on his life — the hospital, the beatings, the loss of Mary Alice and his son — and he hated.

"I became wild," Peewee said. "I cussed Him out. I cussed society. I decided to use every talent I had to get even."

He said he sold everything he had and bought an old Harley-Davidson. He bought a shotgun.

"I became a biker. I rode with cut-throats," he said. "In Oklahoma, I tried to kill a cop. I missed him, but I blew up his car."

Peewee said he spent four years in a Stillwater prison for an assault and battery charge.

After he was released from prison, Peewee hit the streets. He became a tramp.

"There's a difference between tramps, bums and hobos," Peewee said. "Tramps think the world owes them something. They don't work. They booze. They beg. They rob. They kill. They hate."

"Bums will work. But they still booze, beg and rob. They con. And they hate."

"I been both a tramp and a bum since I been out of prison. But now I'm a hobo. Hobos are respected in the family. Hobos know there are (city) missions. We don't booze, much. We don't beg. We work everywhere we can."

Peewee plays pool for money. He does manual labor when he can. Sometimes the people at Lincoln's city mission help him find work.

"Today I went out to work. I moved furniture — sinks and bathtubs, mostly," Peewee said. "I worked five hours and made \$6. That's what you call 'skid row fee.'"

Peewee sings for his supper sometimes. He said he plays the piano, guitar, clarinet and trombone.

"I picked it up from guys on the road," Peewee said. "When you're a hobo, you have to be a jack of all trades. People love all kinds of music and they'll pay you to play."

Peewee demonstrated. He played snatches of classical music and ragtime and sang some blues. He stopped for a moment to look at his twisted fingers on the ivories.

"They told me I could never play the piano because of these fingers," he said. He played an intricate scale, his fingers dancing gracefully on the keys. "That's what determination will do for you."

Thirty-nine years of determination seem to have taken their toll on Peewee. He said he hates to quit, but "sometimes I get tired of fighting."

"When I die, I'll die on the tracks. That's where I live," Peewee said. "Death, I think, will be a sweet thing. I'll get tired, I'll lose my grip, I'll slip under the wheels. At least it'll be quick."

But Peewee said he "knows where he's going and he's in no hurry."

"I been in prison, jail and I don't know how many fights," he said. "I'm ashamed to say I took a couple lives. But once in awhile, me and the old Lord still get together. We're like a thermometer — sometimes hot, sometimes cold."

"Me and the Old Boy can talk anytime I want. He knows me inside-out. Maybe that's one reason I don't want to face Him too much."

CORRECTION

The identification of these individuals appeared incorrectly in an advertisement printed Tuesday, September 21. The Daily Nebraskan apologizes and regrets the error.



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